JOAKS upon JOAKS:

Or, No Joak like a true Joak.

Being the Comical Humours of Mr. John Ogle *the Life-Guard Man. The merry Pranks of the Lord* Moon, *the Earl of* Warwick, *and the Earl of* Pembroke; *with the Lord* Rochester's *Dream, his Maidens Disappointment, and his Mountebank Speech on* Tower hill.

Together with the Diverting Fancies and Frolicks of King Charles *and his three Concubines.*

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The Diverting Humours of *John Ogle*.

MR. *John Ogle* being the younger Son of a Gentleman in *Northamptonshire*, his Fortune being small, he quickly spent it; but his Sister being Mistress to the Duke of *York*, got him into the first Troop of Guards, under the Command of the Duke of *Monmouth*; yet this wou'd not support his Extravagancies, and when he wanted Money, he would Visit his Sister, but one Day entring her Bed-chamber, when the Duke was a sleep with her, she hearing him, drew the Curtain, and lift up her hand not to disturb the Duke, and he should have his Demands; he seem'd to be satisfied, but when the Curtain was shut, *Ogle* took the Duke's Cloaths, Star and Garter, with Breeches, Gold-Watch and Money, and went off without being seen. When the Duke wak'd, he was in a great Passion, and examining the Servants, they said none but Mr. *Ogle* had been in the Chamber. O, quoth the Duke, *Madam, you may know who is the Thief.* About a Week after, the Duke stepping to him in a Passion; whereupon *Ogle* began to strip, saying, *Take your Cloaths, for I have better at Home*; but the Duke seeing his Nobles should know how he lost his Cloaths, said, *Pish, Fie, Mr. Ogle, don't strip, you are welcome to them.* So they parted good Friends, and *Ogle* went off with great Joy and Satisfaction.

There being a general Muster of Life Guards in *Hyde-Park*, and *Ogle* having lost his Cloak at Play, therefore he borrowed his Landlady's Scarlet Petti-

coat,

coat, so tying it up in a Bundle, put it behind him; then mounted, safe enough as he thought, so away he went, but one of the Rank perceiving the Border, he gave the Duke of *Monmouth* some Item of it, and fell into his Rank again. The Duke smiling to himself, said, *Gentlemen, Cloak all*; which they did, except *Ogle*, who Stammering and Staring, saying, *Cloak all, Cloak all, what a Pox must we Cloak for? It don't Rain*: but not Cloaking, the Duke said, *Mr. Ogle, why don't you obey the Word of Command? Cloak Sir*, said Ogle, *why, there then*, and peeping his head out of the top of the Petticoat, saying, *I can't Cloak, but I can Petticoat with the best of you.* Which caus'd great Laughter among the whole Company.

Another time *Ogle* wanting a pair of Boots to mount Guard, goes to a Shoe-maker's Shop, and ask'd for a pair of Boots, which was brought him; they fitting him, he walk'd about the Shop to settle them to his Feet, so spying his Opportunity, he ran out of the Shop, the Shoe-maker following him, cry'd, *Stop Thief, stop Thief*: Ogle said, *No, Gentlemen, 'tis for a Wager, I am to run in Boots, and he in Shoes and Stockings.* Then said the Mob, *well run Boots, for Shoes and Stockings can ne'er overtake ye*: So *Ogle* went clean off with the Boots.

Mr. *Ogle* living too Extravagantly to keep a Horse, therefore he kept none, but when he was to mount Guard, he would Hire a Coach, that had a good pair of Horses, then putting his Saddle and other Implements in, and ordering the Coachman to drive him to *Hyde-Park* gate then would he compel the Coach man to lend him one of his Horses, or else threating to Shoot him, which Trade having followed

lowed so long, that the Duke of *Monmouth* taking notice of his never mustering with the same Horse, he said, *Mr.* Ogle, *I think you have more choice of Horses than I have, for every Muster, you have a different Horse.* Quoth Ogle, *may it please your Grace, I can't tell whether I have more variety than you, but I never Muster, but I can fellow my Horse.* So when the Muster was over, the Troop Riding out of the *Park*, *Ogle* rides up to the Duke, and shewing him the Hackney coach waiting but with one Horse, *Look there*, quoth Ogle, *did I not tell your Grace I could shew you the Fellow to this Horse? I shall never want a Horse for his Majesty's Service, so long as there's a Hackney coach in Town.* Which made his Grace smile, and *Ogle* return'd the Horse again.

Another time, Mr. *Ogle* being at *Locket's* Ordinary, where he was playing at *Hazard* with a great many Earls and Lords, he had good Luck at Gaming among them; therefore he order'd a Porter to go about the Streets, and bring to him as many poor People as he could get, who in a little time brought in about a hundred Beggars, whereupon *Ogle* ordered them a Shilling a Piece in Meat and Drink, by that time they had made an End of their Allowance (in the mean time they praying, The Lord send Mr. *Ogle* good Luck, Lord send he may Win, &c.) Mr. *Ogle* had broke all the Persons of Quality, and discharged the Mumper's Reckoning, gave them sixpence a piece besides; as he was going into the *Spring-Garden*, he met the Duke of *Monmouth*, who asking *Ogle* where had been? *Been*, quoth he, *why, I have been fulfilling the Scripture.* Fulfilling the Scripture (reply'd the Duke) I believe you know no-

nothing of the matter: *No matter for that,* said *Ogle, but I have fed the Hungry, and the Rich I have sent empty away; for by all that's Good, of twenty Earls and Lords at* Lockets, *there's not one, has one Farthing to pay their Reckoning.*

The Epitaph written on Mr. *Ogle's* Tomb-stone, in the Church-yard at *Henly* upon *Thames*, where he was buried in the third Year of the Reign of King *James.*

Here the too generous Ogle *Lies,*
Who as he liv'd, just so he Dies;
Paid nothing of a Score,
But yet his Generosity,
Paying Debts when Money he did see,
All People Ogle *did Adore.*

The Frolicks of the Lord Moon, *and Earl of* Warwick.

ONe Time the Earl of *Warwick* being out late at Night, and in Company with an Officer, who had an Artificial Leg made of Wood, they went into a Dark-house by *Billingsgate*, but by the way, *Warwick* scrap'd a deal of Dust from a rotten Post; and, as he was making it up in Papers, before several People in the Dark house, one said, *What is the Powder good for?* Warwick *said, It is good for any manner of Scores, Bruises and Scalds:* and to shew the Excellency of his Powder, he desir'd them to bring a Kettle of scalding Water; so rubbing his Powder of rotten Post on his Friends Artificial wooden Leg, he puts it into the Scalding Water: The silly People seeing he was not hurt, bought the Powder like mad, that his Lordship got between three and four Pounds presently. However, a Drayman that had bought some of the Powder, being in Company with

ſome of his Calling, and laid a Wager, That he could put his Leg into a Kettle of ſcalding Water, and not hurt himſelf; which being laid, he, like a cunning Dog, went into a Private Room to rub the Powder of rotten Poſt upon his Leg, which done, he came into the Kitchen, and flounc'd his Leg into the Kettle of ſcalding Water, which made him roar like a Town bull; and, what is worſe, he had like to have loſt his Leg, by the famous Powder of rotten Poſt, beſides the loſs of his Time.

One time the Earl of *Warwick* was in Company with ſeveral Perſons of Quality, and one of them gave *Warwick* a Challenge to meet him behind *Mountague* houſe. His Lordſhip being in Drink over Night, forgot it next Morning, when his Adverſary came to fetch him out; but his Lordſhip deſired him to ſtay till he had ſaid his Prayers. Which being agreed to, his Lordſhip went to his Cloſet and pray'd after this manner: *My Sins, O Lord, are without number, but above all forgive me the killing ſuch a Lord, ſuch an Earl, ſuch a Colonel, ſuch a Major, and ſuch a Captain, beſides many others beyond Sea.* His Antagoniſt liſtning all the while, at laſt ſaid, *Ah, plague I ſhall have him kill me too.* So ſneaking down Stairs for Fear, his Lordſhip came out of his Cloſet and laugh'd heartily at his Abſence.

The Lord *Moon* and Earl of *Warwick* being on the Ramble, they took notice of an old Woman, who early and late was boiling Codlings near *Charing-Croſs*, they bought ſome of her, and pitied her poverty, promiſing to ſend her a Buſhel of Charcoal for nothing. I thank your Honours (ſaid the old Woman.) So the Morning a Porter brought her the

Bu

Bushel of Charcoal, a which the old Woman was very Joyful; but their Lordships had filled the hollowness of the Charcoal with Gun-powder and seal'd the ends up with black Wax, and their Honours stood at a little distance to see their project. The old Woman's Fire decaying, she supply'd it with the Charcoal which was sent her *Gratis*. In a little while, bounce went the Charcoal like so many Crackers; down went the Kettle into the Street; away flew the Codlings out of the Kettle, and the Water about the old Woman's Ears; but she getting no more harm, their Lordships were very much pleased with their Frolick.

The Earl of Pembroke's *Frolicks.*

HIs Lordship walking one Day by himself, and meeting in a buy Field a poor Beggar Woman, who had a Child at her Back; his Honour had a mind to occupy her; she fearing her Child should be hurt, it was agreed, that the Child should be tyed to his Lordship's Back, which was tyed so fast, that his Lordship could not untie it; the Woman made an Excuse to make Water, and left him to carry the Child Home to his Lady, who, after some Rebukes, took care of the Child ever after.

Another time his Lordship being at a certain Inn, and fixing on a Room, while he was in the Kitchen, seeing what to have for Supper; in the mean time, a Quaker got into his Room, and none could perswade him to come out again. My Lord hearing of, ran up Swearing with his Sword drawn, commanding him to go out of the Room presently; however the Quaker was as obstinate as my Lord; so

so they had a Tryal of Skill for it; the Quaker put by the Pass with a Cane, and then flung him Honour down Stairs, which made the Host and the Drawer to see what was the Matter, who brought word back, *Nothing but yea and nay had lie, Damn ye down Stairs.* So the Quaker kept his Ground, but his Lordship took another Room.

The Lord Rochester's *Whims against Women.*

On Womens Love.

A Womans Love is like a *Syrean* Flower,
That Buds and spreads, and withers in an Hour.

On a Man's Choice to be Hanged or Married.

Lo! here's the Bough, and there's the Tree,
Take which of these best likes thee:
The Choice is bad on either part,
The Woman's worst; drive on the Cart.

On Women.

Were Women as little as they are good,
And Pease [illegible] them Grow in the Wood.

On Womens Denial.

Women, tho' they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their Fashions to say No, and take it.

On Marriage.

Wedding and Hanging the Destinies Dispatch,
But Hanging seems to some the better Match.

The Maidens Disappointments.

One Night as I lay slumbring in my Bed,
Having none with me but my Maiden-head:
Methoughts a Gallant came, as Gallant they can
Much with young Ladies and with old ones too;
He woo'd, he su'd, at last he sped.
Marry'd methoughts we was, and both in Bed.